

From your brother

MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!



UNION WORDS ADAPTED,

AND

MUSIC ARRANGED BY

SEP. WINNER.

PIANO, 25.

PHILADELPHIA:

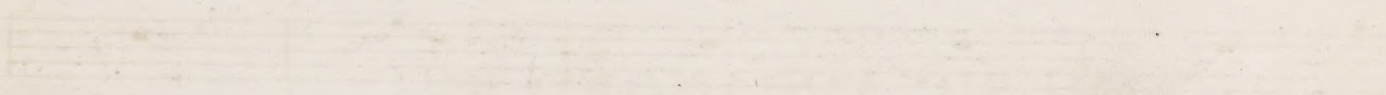
PUBLISHED BY

LEE & WALKER,

No. 722 Chestnut Street, below Eighth.

CHORUS BY HAYWARD

BY HAYWARD



MARYLAND MY MARYLAND

ADAPTED & ARRANGED BY

SEP. WINNER.

Voice.

Andante.

PIANO.

p *f*

8va

p *f*

8va *loco*

Ent. according to Act of Congress A.D. 1862 by Sep. Winner in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

1st. The Rebel horde is on thy shore, Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land! A-
 2nd. Hark to a na-tion's warm ap-peal, Ma-ry-land! My Ma-ry-land! And

rise and drive him from thy door, Ma-ry-land, My Ma-ry-land! A-
 sister states that for thee feel, Ma-ry-land, My Ma-ry-land! Gird

venge the foe thou must abhor, Who seeks thy fall oh Bal-ti-more, Drive
 now thy sons with arms of steel, And heavy be the blows they deal, For

back the ty-rant, peace restore, Ma-ry-land, My Ma-ry-land!
 traitors shall thy vengeance feel, Ma-ry-land, My Ma-ry-land!

Musical score for "Lied der Nachtigall" (Song of the Nightingale) by Franz Schubert, Op. 148, No. 1. The score is in G major and 3/4 time. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part has a strong dynamic contrast, starting with a fortissimo (f) section and a piano (p) section. The vocal line is simple and melodic, with lyrics in German.

3

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland —
Thy gleaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland —
Thy sons shall battle with the just,
And soon repel the traitor's thrust,
For in their strength our state shall trust,
Maryland! my Maryland!

4

Come! for thy men are bold and strong,
Maryland —
Drive back the foe that would thee wrong,
Maryland —
Come with thine own heroic throng,
And as thy army moves along,
Let Union be their constant song,
Maryland my Maryland!

5

Virginia feels the tyrants chain,
Maryland —
Her children lie around her slain,
Maryland —
Let Carolina call in vain,
Our rights we know and will maintain,
Our rise shall be her fall again,
Maryland! my Maryland!

6

I hear the distant battle's hum,
Maryland
I hear the bugle, fife and drum,
Maryland
Thou art ^{not} deaf, thou art not dumb,
Thou wilt not falter nor succumb,
I hear thee cry we come, we come!
Maryland! my Maryland!

7

Ten hundred thousand, brave and free,
Maryland —
Are ready now to strike with thee,
Maryland —
A Million more still yet agree,
To help thee hold thy liberty,
For thou shalt ever ever be,
Maryland *our* Maryland!

Days of Beauty

1876

Yours truly